SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

Washington.—Typical of the sort of thing that has made the Republican party in New York state impotent since the passing of Bill Barnes from its leadership is the proposal of Charles Dewey Hilles to throw the Empire state delegation to Bertrand H. Snell.

Most Republicans agree that Snell would make an excellent President. He has force, character, and ability. He stays put. He takes advice, but without ever yielding one inch on deep convictions, or yielding to temporary expediency. Never a back slapper, never a user of weasel words, he nevertheless fought his way up through the house of representatives, and won the G. O. P. nomination for the speakership of that body against the whole strength of the Hoover administration. And his rather thin following since 1932 has never regretted its choice.

But the whole point is that no one, least of all Mr. Hilles, who proposed to commit the New York delegation to Snell, has the slightest idea that the Republican convention will nominate the able New York representative. The whole purpose of giving this big delegation to Snell is to hold it away from Herbert Hoover, to hold it away from Senator Borah—even to hold it away from Colonel Knox—for the purpose of permitting another smoke-filled room nomination reminiscent of 1920.

It is good old Republican tradition—Democratic tradition, too, for that matter—that a group of old party war-horses can sit around in a room and do much better in picking a candidate than can either the voters in primaries or delegates in an unprincipled convention. In fact, there is so much history to back it up that there seems to be some logic in the contention.

But it is a tradition which would not have a chance this time if it were not for one thing—fear that Herbert Hoover will win the nomination by pure force of lethargy. Hilles also wants to head off Borah. He was distinctly annoyed at the recent poll of county and other leaders by Robert H. Lucas, which showed such surprising strength for the Idaho senator.

It's an Old Feud

This feud goes back to the days when William Howard Taft was President, and Hilles was his secretary. Borah has frequently remarked that "Taft and Hilles wrecked the party." He still thinks so and Hilles knows it. Hilles would not be consulted much if Borah were in the White House. He knows that, too.

Another phase of the situation is that a great many New York Republicans would prefer the nomination of former Senator James W. Wadsworth, now a member of the house. Wadsworth, like Snell, has never equivocated about the New Deal. When it looked as though opposing Roosevelt's program was little short of political suicide, Wadsworth always bucked Snell in opposing it, not just by his vote, but by vigorous denunciation—the sharp contrast with the number of other Republicans who gracefully yielded to the storm.

It so happens that neither one of these outstanding New Yorkers is of the boss type. Else the story of the New York Republican fiasco in the last 1932 has never been regretted its choice.

After the passing of Barnes, when New York had a Republican governor, Whitman, and two Republican senators, Calder and Wadsworth, there was a considerable G. O. P. faction which wanted Wadsworth to be boss in Barnes' place. Another faction backed Calder. Calder wanted the job. Wadsworth didn't. He didn't want to be bothered with it. But while Calder went after if the stronger group, including Snell, backed Wadsworth. Which resulted in there being no Republican boss in New York at all.

Woman suffrage and prohibition divided the leaderless party. Calder was defeated for re-election by Doctor Copeland, and in 1926 Bob Wagner defeated Wadsworth. Then along came Roosevelt and Farley to build up the upstate Democratic organization in the country sections, as Al Smith had already built it up in the cities.

And now there is a new complication. It looks as though a new schism was about to divide the New York Republicans.

Puzzling Problem

What substitute for AAA—farm benefits and processing taxes—can the opposition to the New Deal offer?

That problem is causing furrowed brows among would-be candidates on the Republican ticket against Franklin D. Roosevelt next year. It is also worrying the wheel-horses of the party —those that are left—the men who know they can never themselves carry the standards, but who like tremendously to feel that they are power behind the throne. Such men, for example, as J. Henry Roraback of Connecticut—the last of the old bosses. Such men as Dave Mulvane of Kansas used to be.

Reliable reports from the farm belt indicate that the Republicans must have some substitute—something that will satisfy the farmers—if they are to have a chance in that part of the country. The reports are interesting for another reason. They indicate that it will not be difficult to enlist the farmers against the New Deal if they are convinced they will fare just as well without it.

Apparently the farmers are not at all satisfied that the system, which is now paying them handsome benefits in return for their crop restrictions, is sound.

What most of the farmers would really like would be to have all restrictions on production removed, and then to have prices for all crops guaranteed by the government—prices that would yield them what they regard as a decent return for their labor and the use of their land.

Appeal to Farmers

This sounds more uneconomic than even the present scheme. But it would appeal infinitely more to the farmers, and, curiously enough, it is almost precisely what was offered as a farm plank by Former Gov. Frank O. Lowden of Illinois, and which was so flatly rejected by Coolidge, Hoover and Mellon. In short it amounts to the export debenture, with its equalization fee provision. The only thing that made the equalization fee part of the scheme does not appeal much to the farmers, if any particular crop were very large, so that a heavy percentage of it had to be sacrificed at a sharp loss on export sales, then the equalization fee might easily deprive the farmer of that price he craves.

But the farmer is a natural gambler. He has to be. He gambles on every crop he plants—against nature. And up to now on the market price. The farm benefits for not raising crops are virtually the first sure thing the farmers of the world have ever had.

Perhaps because of the trace of gambling which seems to be in every human being, this is not the phase of AAA which appeals most to him. Or at least reports from all over the country indicate that it is not. He wants to gamble against nature—against sunshine and rain, against plagues of insects, of crop fungi, other countries competing in the world market. He wants the chance of an occasional killing with fat prices on a big crop, on his land, even though that big price can be occasioned only by crop failures elsewhere.

But while this is what he wants, he is not going to give up the security he now has for the first time in the history of mankind for the mere privilege of gambling. And he will not vote that way.

Want Longer Hours

"Why doesn't the government work us sixty hours a week and give us enough to live on?"

That is the complaint of worker after worker on the famous Passamaquoddy tidal project, just outside Eastport, Maine, and close to beautiful Campobello, where President Roosevelt loved to vacation years ago.

"I work eight hours a day, five days a week," one worker told the writer. "For that the government gives me $11 a week. I have to pay $10 a week for my board and room, so you see I have to be pretty careful with that other dollar."

"It's just crazy," said a garage worker, who was intently listening. "The government ought to work these fellows ten hours a day, and six days a week. Then they would make some money. They could buy things. Just that what we are supposed to be needing."

"Don't talk to me about the men needing the time off for recreation. What do they do with their time off? Two days—they have—and they lay around the ends of the wharves and burn cigarette from us natives. You see they can't afford to buy their own."

That modern thought is that a man ought not to work as long as sixty hours a week," suggested the writer.

"Say, mister, we used to work sixty hours a week all the time, and we got along just fine," retorted the garage worker.

"But the government wants to take care of as many men needing work as it can with the money it can afford to spend," persisted the writer. "Isn't this the best way to do it?"

Anyway, More Money

"Well, maybe it would be better not to work them sixty hours," conceded the garage man, "but certainly they ought to get $25 a week. Why, mister, lots of these chaps have wives. I know a lot of them who have three children. What do you think a man can do for a wife and three children on $11 a week?

"Cold weather is coming on, and these fellows will have to buy a lot of warm clothes. That dollar a week over board money, for the rest, does won't go very far then."

Eastport looks like a boom mining town save for one thing—the money isn't jingling. Men walk around the streets in machinaws. Much used boots, sweaters and heavy fur caps give an Alaskan note to the picture. But there are no gambling hells. Cheap lunch rooms abound. They have to be cheap. Nobody has the money to support an expensive one. Which is also the answer, of course, to the lack of gambling hells.

Not all the men are bitter at Uncle Sam. Some of them are pitifully grateful to get work, even at $11 a week. But mighty few of them understand the economic ideas behind that fight in congress last winter over the "prevailing wage" amendment. They do not realize the idea that this work is just to provide employment until private industry can absorb them—that the last thing intended is to make these jobs so attractive that men would not leave them to take private employment, even of humble varieties.

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IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D.D.D., Member of Faculty, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. © Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for October 20

THE MESSAGE OF JEREMIAH

LESSON TEXT—Jeremiah 7:1-24.

GOLDEN TEXT—Obey my voice, and I will be your God, and ye shall be my people. Jeremiah 7:23.

PRIMARY TOPIC—What Jeremiah Said.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Jeremiah's Stirring Message.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Doing What God Commands.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Will of God for Our Times.

The prophet stood in the gate of the temple in order that the multitudes might hear him. The occasion was the coming together of the people from all over the country to attend a feast. From this place of prominence Jeremiah called the people to obedience.

I. What God Requires (vv. 1-7).

1. Amend your ways (v. 3). This means that their course of living should be reformed. Worship being had deeds for good ones. On the basis of this change God would permit them to remain in their city and country. Failure to comply with this demand would eventuate in their expulsion.

2. Personal experience (v. 4). The people regarded the temple as a charm against evil, irrespective of the condition of their hearts. Without a heart experience, the most sacred institution and ordinances are valueless. Trusting in religious forms while lacking a vital experience is the height of folly.

3. Social justice (v. 5). The proof of having reformed was the execution of justice between man and his neighbor. The evidence of one's being in touch with God is his fair dealing with his fellow men.

4. Not to oppress the helpless (v. 6). The strangers would likely be ignorant of the laws of the land. The widows and orphans would usually be impressed upon. Protection and defense

"the weak is a sure sign of godliness.

5. Not walk after other gods (v. 6).

6. Worship of idols and conformity to heathen customs go hand in hand. True morality is determined by the individual's attitude toward God.

II. Some Solemn Warnings (vv. 8-15).

1. The teachings of false prophets (vv. 8-11). These false prophets taught the people that attention to ceremony and observance of religious form exempted them from regard to attention to morals. Those who heeded the words of the lying prophets did not hesitate to steal, murder, commit adultery, swear falsely, and practice idolatry. They would even come into the Lord's house and claim freedom to practice such abominations. The sacred temple itself, filled with such worshippers, would be a den of robbers.

2. By the destruction of Shiloh (vv. 12-15). God caused his tabernacle to be set up in Shiloh, but in Eli's time he gave it into the hands of the Philistines because of the idolatry of the people (Ps. 78:56-60). The prophet declared that God would do even so with the temple, the city and the whole country. This he did literally, beginning with Israel and the northern kingdom.

III. The Hopeless Condition of the People (vv. 16-20).

Their propensity to do evil was so strong that all efforts at reclamation were futile.

1. Pray not for them (v. 16). There is such a thing as sinning unto death, in which case prayer is useless (v. 16; cf. 1 John 5:16).

2. Entire families devoted their energies to that which provoked God's anger (vv. 17-19). The children, the young and old, men and women. They did it with the definite purpose to provoke God's anger. The prophet assured them that the outcome of such conduct would be their own confusion.

IV. Judgment Sure to Fall (v. 20).

Because the people poured out their offerings to idols, the furious anger and wrath of God would be poured out upon men, beasts and trees, the fruit of the ground. How this has been fulfilled the history of the Jews makes clear.

V. Obedience to God Better than Sacrifice (vv. 21-24).

The prophet appealed to history to show that God requires heart service rather than the observance of religious forms. Blessings came to Israel through obedience, and the curses followed disobedience. On condition of obedience to his requirements God promised to own them as his people and to bless them.

The Seventh Wave

The man who waits for some seventh wave to toss him on dry land, will find that the seventh wave is a long time coming. You can commit no more foolish act than to sit by the roadside until someone comes along and invites you to ride with him to wealth or inffluence.—J. R. Gough.

Conciliation

The essence of all true breeding is in the gift of conciliation. A man who possesses every other title to our respect, except that of courtesy, is in danger of forfeiting them all. A rude manner renders its owner always liable to affront. He is never without dignity who avoids wounding the dignity of others.—Lytton.

Duty

He who in questions of right, virtue or duty sets himself above all ridicule is truly great.—Lavater.

Treasury Gets Back $2,400,000 of Chinch Bug Control Money

The weather early this summer saved the government about $2,400,000. Heavy rainfall at critical periods did all that barriers costing $2,000,000 could have done to keep chinch bugs out of middle western corn fields. The federal bill for chinch bug control this year will be less than $75,000, according to Lee A. Strong, chief of bureau of entomology and plant quarantine of the United States Department of Agriculture, who directed the government-state campaign against the pest. The rest of the $2,500,000 that congress sop-sprinkled for the campaign reverts to the treasury.

Most of the $75,000 used has gone for barrier material, largely creosote. A small amount will be used this fall to determine the probabilities of an outbreak next year.

Barriers between small-grain fields and corn are the only means of resultful eye-strain and possible permanent injury to school children.

Be sure you have enough light! If you use electricity—ask your light company to test your lamps and fixtures to see if they give enough light for safe seeing.

If you do not have electricity, get one of the new 300 candle power pressure lamps that burn kerosene or gasoline.

When your work is held three feet away from the eyes the latter should be of at least 275 candle power intensity to assure the 20 to 30 foot candles of light you need to protect your sight. It is important that you get a high candlepower lamp to be sure you have enough light to protect your sight.

Are Our Eyes Getting Weaker?

Defects of Vision Increase With Years—Poor Light a Cause.

When boys, nearly all babies have normal eyes. With the same kind of care that carries them through infancy and childhood, happy and healthy—their eyes should remain normal.

But it has been found that by the time children finish grade school 20 per cent of them have defective vision; by the time they have finished college, 40 per cent have eye difficulties. Forty years of age shows 60 per cent with defective vision, and past sixty, 65 per cent are so affected.

Why should the eyes of so many show such an alarming increase in visional defects? Because these children, these growing girls and boys—and young and older men and women, used their eyes with too little light!

In the daytime outdoors there is, of course, plenty of light—the natural daylight nature developed our eyes to see by. The light from an uncloaded sky gives us 10,000 foot candles. In the shade of a tree, the light will be upwards of 1,000 foot candles. Close by a window there may be 500 foot candles of light shining on your book page or needlework.

What is a foot candle? It is the scientist's "yardstick" of light measurement. The amount of light one candle would shine on a surface one foot away.

But at night—that is another story! It is very common for people to read or sew with only four foot candles of light, when they should have an illumination of at least 10 foot candles for the coarsest kind of work; 20 foot candles for the ordinary fine print and for sewing; 30 foot candles for continued use of the eyes.

Using the eyes with less light than these minimums means eye strain and its eye-strain and possible permanent injury to vision.

Be sure you have enough light! If you use electricity—ask your light company to test your lamps and fixtures to see if they give enough light for safe seeing.

If you do not have electricity, get one of the new 300 candle power pressure lamps that burn kerosene or gasoline.

When your work is held three feet away from the eyes the latter should be of at least 275 candle power intensity to assure the 20 to 30 foot candles of light you need to protect your sight. It is important that you get a high candlepower lamp to be sure you have enough light to protect your sight.

If you feel tired, run-down, nervous and out of sorts

—there is usually a definite reason for this

Now let's reason sensibly.

Don't try to get well in a day . . . this is asking too much of Nature. Remember, she has certain natural processes that just cannot be hurried.

But there is a certain scientific way you can assist by starting those digestive juices in the stomach to flowing more freely and at the same time supply a balanced mineral deficiency the body needs.

SSS TONIC makes you feel like yourself again

You are invited to listen in every Friday night to a program of old-fashioned music—S.S.S. Music Box Hour—over Mutual Broadcasting Network, 9:30 p. m., E.S.T.

Therefore, if you are pale, tired and run-down . . . a frequent sign that your blood-cells are weak—then do try in the simple, easy way so many millions approve — by starting a course of S.S.S. Blood Tonic.

Much more could be said—a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road of feeling like yourself again.

©S.S.S. Co.

Here Is Child's Tinted Apron

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK

We have here a cute little apron which any youngster will love. Fits three to six-year child. It measures 16 by 24 inches. The bear and bird are tinted in yellow. Cross-stitch and outline stamping is done, on unbleached material and can be worked in any dark color thread.

Package No. 6 contains this stamped and tinted apron ready to be embroidered and sewed up. Binding and thread are not included.

Sent to you postpaid for 15 cents. Address Home Craft Co., Dept. A, Nineteenth and St. Louis Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

Inclose stamped, addressed envelope for reply when writing for any information.

Australian Aborigines Are Rapidly Dying Out

The aborigines of Australia, probably the most primitive of the surviving races, are rapidly dying out, it is revealed by the report of the commonwealth statistician, note a Sydney correspondent in the Los Angeles Times. The number fell by 10 per cent last year. The figure of 54,800 is 5,200 below that which was returned in 1933 and is tragically lower than the population before the arrival of the first white settler.

Though this is little more than a century ago, the blacks have been bored more than 250,000.

In their native surroundings the aborigines are self-reliant and quick-witted, but under white influence they lose stability. White man's diseases have played their part in the decimation of the last century. Whole tribes have been extinguished by smallpox and tuberculosis. European vices appeal readily to them and they fall under the strain more quickly, perhaps, than any other native race.

As far back as 1880 one Australian newspaper foresaw extinction of the aborigines if nothing was done to check contacts between the two races inhabiting the southern continent. Yet the future of the natives receives little attention.

Just So

Too often the distinction between true and false is identical with blue and thine.

For Bad Feeling Due to Constipation

Get rid of constipation by taking Black-Draught. Nothing else acts so quickly. Dr. Pierce has showed a physician could be delighted. Prescription: Black-Draught for them. . . Mrs Ray Mullins, of Lale, Ark., writes: "I suffered with bad feeling and constipation. Black-Draught relieved me. I am recommended for constipation, biliousness, and the disagreeable aching, tired feeling that comes from this condition." With relief. Try Thedford's Black-Draught. Your druggist gives her children, she says: "They like the taste and it gives good results."

BLACK-DRAUGHT

$2 PER DAY

SINGLE ROOM AND PRIVATE BATH

A new hotel on 42nd Street 2 blocks east of Grand Central Station

HOTEL TUDOR

Soviet Silk Farms

Thirty thousand acres in Russia will be devoted to silk farms.

CARRIER SWALLOW

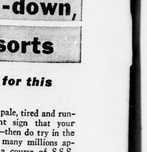
Released by Italian soldiers in Eritrea, northeast Africa, a swallow recently flew 2,500 miles to Tortonia in northern Italy, and is believed to be the first of its species to carry a message, the paper being tied to one of its legs.

BOYS! GIRLS!

Read the Grape Nuts ad in another column of this paper and learn how to join the Dizzy Dean Winners and win valuable free prizes.—Adv.

And Sounds Bad

Profanity is coarse; of course, it's wicked, too.



NONE OTHER COMPARES TO OATMEAL

In one of the most important things to children—precious Vitamin B for keeping fit.

Mighty few cereals have it.

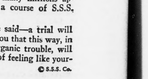
Many are nervous, poor in appetite, seem out of order because their daily diet lack enough of the precious Vitamin B for keeping fit.

Few things keep them back like a lack of this precious food element.

So give everyone Quaker Oats every morning. Because in addition to its generous supply of Vitamin B for keeping fit, it furnishes food-energy, muscle and body-building ingredients. For about 5¢ per dish.

Start serving it tomorrow for a 2-weeks' test. Quaker Oats has a wholesome, nutlike, luscious appeal to the appetite. Flavory, surpassingly good. All grocers supply it.

IN VITAMIN B FOR KEEPING FIT . . .



1c worth of Quaker Oats equals 3 cakes of Fresh Yeast

Quaker and Mother's Oats are the same

HOSTILE VALLEY

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By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

SYNOPSIS

At a gathering in the village of Liberty, Maine, Jim Saladine listens to the history of the neighboring Hostile Valley, and the mysterious, enticing "Hulda," wife of Will Ferrin. Interested, Jim goes to the Saladine farm for some fishing, and to see the handsome Hulda Ferrin. "Old Marm" Pierce—and the nineteen-year-old granddaughter Jenny live in the Valley. Since childhood Jenny has deeply loved young Will Ferrin, older than she, and who regards her as still a child. Will leaves to take employment in nearby Augusta. His father's death brings Will back to the Valley, but he returns to Augusta, still unconscious of Jenny's womanhood, and love. Bart Carey, something of a no'er-do-well, is attracted by Jenny. They are not friends, him definitely. Learning that Will is coming home, Jenny, exulting, sets his long-empty house "to rights," and has dinner ready for him. He comes—bringing his wife, Hulda. The girl's world collapses. Hulda becomes the subject of unfavorable gossip in the Valley. Entering his home unlooked for, Will finds seemingly damning evidence of his wife's unfaithfulness as a man he knows is Seth Humphreys breaks from the house. Will overtakes him and chokes him to death, although Humphreys shatters his leg with a bullet. At Marm Pierce's house Jim Saladine hears the story, and speeds Jenny's news to Hulda. Hulda makes a mock of Jenny's sympathy, declaring she has no use for "half a man," and she is leaving. Will is legally exonerated, and with a home-made artificial leg "carries on," hiring a helper, Zeke Dow. Months later Hulda comes back. Will accepts her presence as her right. Two years go by. Zeke and Bart Carey engage in a fist fight, the trouble arising, as all know, over Hulda. Saladine comes to the Valley. Bad roads cause him to stop at Ferrin's farm, where he meets Hulda. Saladine, caught in heavy rain, takes refuge at Marm Pierce's. Bart Carey arrives, carrying Hulda's whom he claims has fallen from a ledge, and seemingly is dead. Marm Pierce declares her dead, but while Hulda and Jenny are alone, the woman, with her last breath, asserts Will killed her. Horrified, Jenny decides to tell no one of the accusation. She goes to the Ferrin farm to notify Will.

CHAPTER VIII

When Jenny, thus departing, left Saladine and Marm Pierce alone, the old woman seemed for a moment almost embarrassed. She looked at Jim with her small bright eyes.

"I'll boil up a cup of tea," she decided. "It's past dinner time, and I'm hungry. Then you could eat a bit your own self." She filled the kettle at the pump in the sink and presently stood at the stove. Bread from the pantry, jam, butter from the cellar, and a bit of cold pork and cold boiled potatoes sufficed to slice and fry in the sweet fat.

"Jenny's a fine girl," Saladine suggested presently. "It's a wonder she ain't married."

Marm Pierce looked at him with eyes suddenly shrewd. "You said Huldy Ferrin showed you the path down to the brook," she remembered. "It's hard to the house when you left her, did you?"

"I don't know," he replied. "I looked up, from down below, and saw her left town."

"Jenny told me," she said, "that you claimed somebody had fished down brook ahead of you."

"I saw tracks in the trail," he asserted.

Rain began to drive against the windows, against the glass panel in the door. She said: "Well, everything's ready. You can set down!"

He perceived in her the secret garrulity of a lonely old woman who too seldom has an audience; and while they ate, he encouraged her, skilfully, to speech. Marm Pierce, at first guardedly and then warming to her theme, told him about Jenny and Will, how once she was well started, he listened without interruption, finding in what she said the explanation of much that he had seen today.

"She didn't know the meaning of it, first off," the old woman concluded. "Didn't know what was happening to her. She wan't but a girl then." And added: "But Jenny's growed to be a woman now . . ."

She broke off, seemed to listen; and he asked softly: "Hear something?"

"Nothing, likely," she said after a moment. "Seemed like I heard some one in the barn. Like as not it was that no-good brother of mine."

And she talked on and on; and rose at last and began to wash the dishes clean and pile them in a pan in the sink. She clanked the fire, noisily. Here it was warm and all secure; but outside the rain pressed down upon the Valley.

Then suddenly the old woman replaced the lid on the stove with a clatter, and crossed as quiet as a mouse, to the shed door. Jim came to her side.

"Seemed like I did hear some one," she whispered.

He touched the latch and swung the shed door wide, to reveal—nothing.

"Don't see anything!" he said doubtfully.

But Marm Pierce pointed to the floor. Here were wet, muddy traces where booted feet had stood, where soaked garments had dripped upon the boards.

"It's that Win," Marm Pierce decided scornfully. "He's forever prying around!" She shut the door with a slam.

"I should think you'd be nervous, you and Jenny, living here alone," he suggested.

"The Valley gets some folks," she agreed. "Folks that don't know how to be alone without being lonely. You've got to know how to be company for yourself, to get along around here!" And she added with a wry chuckle: "Just the same, I'm full as well pleased to have you 'round."

"You mean—on account of your brother?"

"Land, no!" she said scornfully. "No, I don't pay no heed to him. He comes and goes. But I'd as soon have a man in the house right now, for all that!"

He watched her curiously, but before she could answer his unspoken question, there was a step on the porch outside the door; and they turned to see Bart appear. He leaned a steel rod beside the door before he came in. He had changed into dry clothes, coat and overalls.

"Where's Will?" Marm Pierce demanded.

"He wan't around," Bart explained. "Nor Zeke either. I figured they'd heard about Huldy and come over here." He looked around. "Where's Jenny?" he asked.

"Gone to feed Huldy's clothes," Marm Pierce told him. "It's a wonder you didn't meet her!"

Bart shook his head, Saladine saw a broad leather belt about his waist, with a bait can attached, and to which a holster hung.

"Hullo," he said. "You pack a gun?"

"Sure," Bart assented, and produced it. Saladine took the weapon in his hands. It was an old model, the front sight gone, of heavy caliber; and when Jim, holding back the hammer, gingerly tried the trigger, he found that the pull was feather light.

"I always carry it when I go fishing," Bart explained. "You never know when you'll run into a mouse down here in the woods, or a wiesel."

Marm Pierce was in the dining room, and Bart lowered his tones. "That's the pack monsters of world trade," he said.

Marm Pierce returned, and Jim handed the weapon back to Bart. "Can you hit anything with it?" he asked.

"I've got time to take aim," Bart replied.

The old woman was putting on an apron. "Jenny's late," she observed. "Must be getting dark down brook this morning?" she inquired. "I hear there was tracks down the bank."

"Win likely went that way," Bart reminded her. "And Jenny, in my car."

"Jenny felt her spine chill. "She's not there, Will," she said. "She's at our house."

He frowned in a deep bewilderment. "Your house?"

"Will," she told him gravely, "Hulda's dead!"

The man stood huge above her; wind whipped his hair, rain lashed his cheek and struck his face and filled his eyes. He wiped his eyes with his hand, shook the water off his hand, wiped it on the side of his coat. A storm, visibly, swept across his countenance and left a shadow there.

Yet she thought he was not surprised; and she spoke quickly, to spare him need of speech, "She fell off the ledge down back of your house," she said. "Bart found her, and fetched her over to our place, case Granny could do her any good. But she died."

He asked, after a long moment, dumbly: "Bart know how she come to fall?"

Jenny steadied her tones, made them all reassurance. "No one will ever know that, Will," she said; and she added: "We did all could be done?"

"I guess you would," he agreed. "Even for Huldy. I been out hunting her. I didn't know where she'd gone. Her and Zeke."

The girl's pulse lifted. "Zeke? Where's he?"

"He was always around where Huldy was." Will confessed, humbly. "I dunno where he's got to, now." And he asked: "What's he with her?"

She looked at him intently, bravely, searching his countenance. "No, Will," she said. "Not that anyone knows."

His shoulders bowed as though under a crushing load; and after a moment he said heavily: "Will, I'll go on over."

But Jenny checked him. "I have to get some clothes to dress her," she said quietly. "You'd best come back to the house with me, show me her things."

He accepted this without speech; and he and Jenny climbed the steep grade side by side. In Will's barnyard Jenny saw a car standing, and so remembered Saladine. "That man, he's back and there," she told Will. "I guess he wouldn't mind if we drove his car over. He'll want it, and that way we can keep Huldy's things dry."

"Ever there, is he?" Will echoed, with hatred in eyes. "Last time I see Huldy," he said, "she was taking him down to the lake. I said she'd show him the brook trail."

And his brow furrowed. "I want to talk to him," he said, ominously.

"He left her on the ledge," Jenny urged. "He never see her, after." They went indoors. "Now you get some dry clothes onto you," she bade him. "I'll pack the things we'll need for her. Where are they, Will?"

He looked at her in a sort of shame. "In there," he said, and pointed through the dining-room door to the bedroom beyond. "That's here. I mostly sleep up attic." He opened a door beside the stove, and she heard him climb the narrow stairs.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mediterranean Cork-Oak Provides Stopper Supply

Cork stoppers are cut out of the corky layer of the bark of the cork tree or cork oak of the Mediterranean, Spain and Portugal chiefly supply the world with cork.

The cork tree is not of great size, generally 20 to 60 feet high, the trunk often three feet in diameter, much branched, with ovate-oblong, evergreen leaves. The tree is usually twenty to twenty-five years old before it yields a gathering of cork, and attains an age of one hundred and fifty years. About every eight to ten years a crop is taken from the tree.

Besides being used for stoppers, cork is much used for floats of nets, lifebelts, etc., and because of its impermeability to water, and being a slow conductor of heat, inner soles of shoes are made of it. The cork tree, occasionally planted in England, has been found to do well in certain parts of the United States.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Nicknames of Presidents

Not all of our Presidents had nicknames. Here are some of them: Washington—Father of His Country. Jefferson—Red Fox. Madison—Father of the Constitution. J. Q. Adams —Old Man Eloquent. Jackson—Old Hickory. W. H. Harrison—Tippecanoe. Polk—Young Hickory. Taylor —Old Rough and Ready. Pierce—Handsome Frank. Buchanan—Old Public Functionary. Lincoln—Honest Abe. Johnson—Tennessee Tailor. Grant—Hero of Appomattox. Hayes —The Hero of '77. Garfield—Canal Boy. Cleveland—Tell the Truth. Benjamin Harrison—Grandpa's Grandson. T. R. Roosevelt—Rough Rider. Wilson—Professor. Coolidge—Silent Cal. Hoover—Engineer.

HE'S FROM MISSOURI

James W. Stobaugh put this in a Kansas City newspaper: "Notice to wild drivers. The shine is worn off my new car. I no longer shall make my car Jump sideways, backwards, do flip-flop curves, etc., to get out of the way. If you see Missouri 2-1977 coming down the street, just keep in your proper place and you will have no broken headlights, smashed fenders or broken windows. My nerves are worn to a frazzle."

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